



# THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

WORDS & MUSIC

THE HONBLE MRS NORTON.

## THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

Words and Music by

The Honble Mrs. Norton.

NOT TOO SLOW.

PIANO.

*ff* *pp* *f*

Bugle.

*pp*

*pp*

Hark! to the shrill trumpet calling, It pierceth the soft summer air!

*f*

*p*

Tears from each comrade are falling, For the Widow and Orphan are there! The

*f* *p*

bay-onets earth-ward are turn-ing, And the drum's muf-fled breath rolls a -

*f* *Ped*

- round But he hears not the voice of their mourning Nor a -

*p*

- wakes to the Ba - gle's sound . . . . . But he hears not the voice of their

*p*

RALL.

mourning, Nor a wakes to the Bugle's sound

2nd. VERSE.

Sleep Soldier! tho' ma\_ny re\_gret thee, Who stand by thy cold bier to

day Soon soon shall the kind\_est for\_get thee And thy

name from the earth pass a way— The man thou didst love as a bro\_ther, A



friend in thy place will have gain'd — Thy

*Ped*

Dog shall keep watch for a — no — ther — And thy Steed by a Stran ger be

*RAIL.*

rein'd, Thy Dog shall keep watch for a — no — ther — And thy Steed by a Stranger be

*p*

rein'd.

*pp*

3<sup>d</sup> VERSE.

But tho' hearts that now mourn for thee sad - - ly, Soon joy-ous as e - - ver shal

he, Tho' thy bright orphan boy may laugh glad-ly — As he

sits on some com-rade's kind knee, There is ONE who shall still pay the

du - - - - ty, Of tears for the true and the

*Ped*

brave, As when first in the bloom of her

beau-ty, She wept o'er the sol-dier's grave. As when

RALL.  
first in the bloom of her beau-ty, She wept o'er the sol-dier's

grave.

